



THE  
CONNOISSEUR.

By Mr. T O W N,  
CRITIC and CENSOR-GENERAL.

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THURSDAY, *October* 10, 1754.

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— — — — *Eja ! sudabis satis,*  
*Si cum illo incipias homine: ea eloquentia est!*

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CORRESPONDENT writes to me, that after having considered the Art of Speaking in the Theatre, as also celebrated the practice of it in the *Robin Hood* Society, my remarks will not be compleat, except I take notice of the extraordinary eloquence of the *Clare-Market* Orator. He desires me to remember, that this Universal Genius has from time to time declared from his Rostrum with a thundering elocution,—“ that there is but one Orator in “ the world, and He is the man—that Sir *Robert Wal-* “ *pole* and all the great men in the kingdom, have been “ His scholars—and that Bishops have come to His Oratory “ to learn to preach.”

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I HAVE

I HAVE indeed observed with a good deal of concern, that the Orator has of late discontinued to oblige the public with his Sunday evening lectures as usual. Instead of seeing his Oratory-Chapel shut up, I was in hopes that every parish church in the kingdom would be opened on the same principles. How much more salutary were His tenets, setting forth the sufficiency of Reason, than the cold doctrine of our clergy preaching up the necessity of Faith! how superior was his form of prayer to our whole liturgy, and how much better adapted to particular occasions!—"A prayer for a sinking bridge!—prayer for the White Rose!—prayer for *Jackson's Journal*!—prayer for the heads on "Temple-Bar!"—In these pious addresses he would first invoke the Supreme Being in the most solemn manner; then suddenly slide into the familiar, and pray,—“that we might not hear the croaking of *Dutch Nightingales* in the king's chambers;”—or on another occasion, “that our clergy might not study *Shakespeare* more than the Gospel, and that they might be rather employed on the Evangelists, than *As you like it*, or *Much ado about nothing*.”

I CANNOT but likewise lament the loss of the entertainment, which his Advertisements used to give us every Saturday in the news-papers. The terms in which they were commonly expressed were clear and elegant, and furnished the reader with an admirable idea of the Doctor's manner from the pulpit. For instance, when he told you his text was from *Isaiah*, and quoted these words—"Strt! 10 Jun! "No Hurr! Down with the Rmp!"—we might form a tolerable judgement of the great reverence he paid the Bible; and when he called his Assembly—"The ORATORY—"P. Charles's Chapel"—we might guess at his loyalty and patriotism. These were the advantages, which we derived from

from his Chapel; and if the Oratory remains shut, I shall begin to fear that things will continue in their present shocking state; and that the Scheme lately proposed in one of my papers *for abolishing Christianity* will not take effect; at which I am more particularly concerned, as it will hinder the advancement of this great man. For if such a revolution should happen in the church, the Orator's principles would be found so entirely fundamental, that he would probably then hold some honourable station equal to our present Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

THE public for these reasons will doubtless join with me in a petition, that this illustrious Divine would again resume his station in the pulpit: at least I could wish, that some able Theologist, who has been long practised in deciding on the most abstruse points of religion in the *Robin Hood Society*, may be deputed in the absence of the Orator to officiate as his curate. I would also recommend it to the above-mentioned Society to attend these lectures regularly; from whence they may gather stronger arguments for their disputations, than from reading *Collins*, *Chubb*, *Tindal*, *Bolingbroke*, or any other orthodox free-thinker whatever. Upon the whole I cannot conclude without observing, that such is the ingratitude of the age, that the singular merits of our Orator are not sufficiently regarded. He is indeed deservedly caressed by the Butchers of *Clare-Market*: but had our Orator been born at *Athens* or *Rome*, he would certainly have been deified as the God of Butchers, have been worshipped like *Isis* under the figure of a Calf, or have had a statue erected to him in the *Forum* or *Market-place* among the Shambles.

THUS much I thought myself bound to say in praise of the Orator and Oratory; as he has some time ago done  
me

me the honour of a letter, which I am very glad of this opportunity to communicate to my readers. The private epistles of *Tully* are very unequal to his Orations: but the following letter is in the very stile and spirit of our Orator's animated discourses from the pulpit. I shall therefore present it to the public exactly as I received it, without presuming to alter or suppress the least syllable: and for the further satisfaction of the Curious, the Original Manuscript is put into a Frame and Glass, and may be seen by any body at my Publisher's.

To Mr. R. BALDWIN

and Mr. TOWN.

1754 July 26.

THE Liberty of the Press, as you practise it, and your author, Mr. Town, (i. e. Mr. No-body, for he dares not publish his Name, and abode, nor confront one he abuses,) is the Greatest of Grievances; it is the Liberty of Lying and of Slandering, and destroying Reputations, to make your Paper sell; Reputation is dearer than Life, and your and your Scribbler's BLOOD should answer your Scandal:—You have publish'd *the Scoundrel's Dictionary*, put *his Name* and *your own* into it; He and you have often bespatterd the *Orator and Oratory* in Claremarket—the Oratory is NOT in Claremarket, which is in a different Parish; So that, You and He LYE: and Butchers are [*seldom* blotted out] never there;—You both LYE too in saying, that it is calculated (INTENDED) for Atheism and Infidelity,—its Religion is—the 'Obligation of Man to resemble the Attributes  
' of

‘ of God to his power, by the practise of Universal Right  
 ‘ Reason; believing Christianity of Christ call’d Reason  
 ‘ the wisdom of God.—This is the Reverse of Atheism  
 ‘ and Infidelity — and Blasphemy. —

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THE writer of the following, who signs himself a Member of the *Robin Hood* Society, threatens me, that in case I don’t print his letter immediately, the Question “Whether “ Mr. TOWN be a greater fool or a scoundrel,” shall be debated at their next meeting.

*To Mr. T O W N.*

S I R,

I WOULD have you to know, that the person as sent you the account of our Club did not do right. He represents us all as a pack of tradesmen and mechanics, and would have you to think as how there are no gentlemen among us. But that is not the case: I am a gentleman, and we have a great many topping people besides. Though Mr. President is but a baker, and we have a shoemaker, and some other handicraftsmen, that come to talk; yet I can assure you they know as much of religion and the good of their country, (and other such matters,) as any of we gentlemen. But as I said we have a good many topping folks besides myself: for there is not a night but we have several young lawyers and councillors, and doctors, and surgeons, and captains, and poets, and players, and a great many Irishmen and Scotchmen (very fine speakers) who follow no business; besides several foreigners, who are all of them great men in their own country. And we have one squire, who lives at t’other end of the town, and always comes in his chariot.

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AND so as I said we have a good many tip-top people, as can talk as well as any of your play-folks or parsons: and as for my part every body knows that I am a lord's gentleman, and never was the man that wore a livery in my life. I have been of the Club more or less off and on for these six years, and never let a question pass me, Mr. President knows it: and though I say it that should not say it, I can talk (and so can any of our Club) as well as the best of you poets can write. And so as I said I expect you will put it in your paper, that we have a great many gentlemen in our Club besides myself.

Your humble Servant,

JAMES WAIT.